Tales of My Neighborhood

May 2022

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I didn't grow up in California, Seattle, Iowa, Florida, Montana, Texas or New England. I grew up in Northern Virginia. Specifically, I was raised in Annandale, Virginia and at my high school we were the Annandale Atoms. The earliest graduate that I knew was Brent Eardley, class of 1960 and star quarterback for the Atoms! Our yearbook was *the Antenna*, our weekly school paper was the *A-Blast*. Our annual literary journal was *the Filament.* Our high school was born in 1954 in the post-World War Two, electronic, engineering age and we were all about electricity and electrons! I was born in December 1952 at G.W. University Hospital in Washington and spent all of my growing-up years in Annandale. I left in August of 1970 to begin engineering studies at Virginia Tech. After college, from 1975 until 1977, my new wife and I lived in Falls Church (five miles north of Annandale)[1] before moving to Roanoke, Virginia, then on to Dallas, Texas and from there to New Bedford, Massachusetts. Upon retirement we moved back to Roanoke where we live now. But I have happily returned to Annandale many times and have watched it change dramatically from the little town that it was, eight miles outside of Washington D.C. at the edge of the post-war expansion.

Since my youth I have been fascinated by my town, my county and I always felt some enchantment being so near to D.C. with all its history. I certainly know that perhaps most people do not feel this way about where they grew up… I think I inherited this love of hometown from my father. He grew up in Superior, Wisconsin, the eighth of eight children. He loved to return there over the years, having left in 1941 at the outbreak of the Second World War. He was 27. I was with him on two return trips there in late 1959 and summer '67. He knew his town and the adjoining city of Duluth, Minnesota very well, and the surrounding part of both states. I

[1] Right out of college, I worked for Naval Sea Systems Command, through a consulting firm called R.M. Vredenburg & Co. in McLean, and Renée worked at Tysons Corner Shopping Center and began legal secretarial studies at Northern Virginia Community College at the Alexandria campus which she later completed at Virginia Western Community College (Associates Degree in Legal Secretarial Science), when we moved to Roanoke. Later again she would finish her bachelor's degree *summa cum laud* at Southeastern Massachusetts University in Dartmouth, Mass. in 1991.

grew up hearing many, many stories about his hometown. My last visit there was in 1973 with two college mates, and we stayed with my Aunt Edith--in contrast to my own hometown the town of Superior has changed very little. But Annandale has changed very dramatically since I was young.

My neighborhood in Annandale was on Columbia Pike, just across from the Methodist church, and abutted by what remained of “Mr. Webb’s” farm. There were three water towers in the neighborhood—the smallest of which my Dad dubbed “old Rusty.” English colonizers were there since the early 1700s, and in colonial times the area was dominated by the huge Ravensworth farm complex of the Fitzhugh family. One of its three mansions (Ravensworth itself burned mysteriously in 1924, the smaller Oak Hill remains today) was **Ossian Hall** (c. 1783)—very near Annandale High School. It remained into my childhood and my father took me to its razing in September 1959, which was a training exercise by the Annandale Fire Department. I remember the heat and previous, my Dad taking me through the empty mansion. It had been frequented by the likes of George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette, George Mason, Mrs. Mary Custis Lee and many others.

Inside with my Dad one time, I remember it vividly—he wanted to go down the stairs into the basement. I was terrified and begged him not to. Below, the burning of Ossian Hall, Sept. 13th 1959. I also remember that Fire Chief Gaines had two thumbs on one hand!

The site today, 5001 Regina Drive Annandale VA

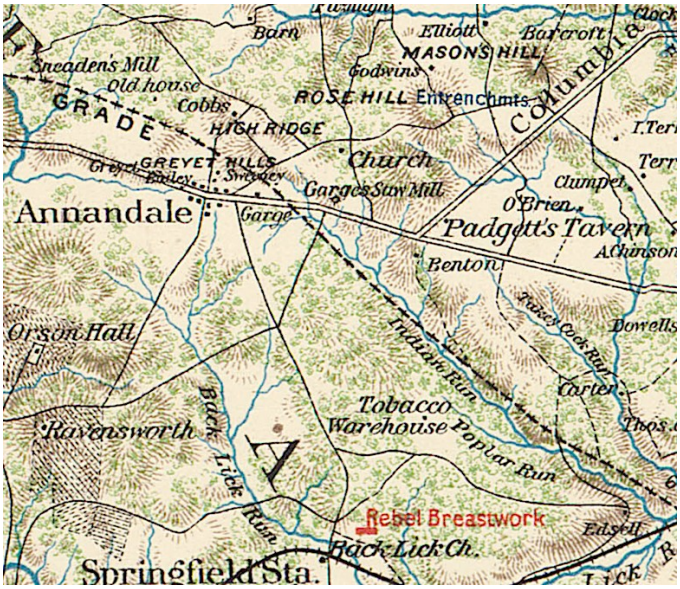
Columbia Pines was built just after the end of World War II. There were nine “model” homes of different designs on the two original streets, Rose Lane and Ridge Road. Our home on “Ridge Road” (#933, now 4003) was one of these, the smallest. It is 1,010 ft^2 and is valued today around $550,000. My parents bought it, as its second owners, in 1950 for $17,500 and sold it in 1990 for $200,000. 2 BR, 1½ baths. A ¼ acre lot. Other homes in the neighborhood were larger and some had much larger lots. There were lots of trees and no hedges or fences when I was little. There was a community organization called COPICA (Columbia Pines Citizens Association) and periodically a neighborhood directory was published and distributed to all residents. Apparently, the original developer ran out of money but the rest of the acreage was completed in the late 1950s with “lesser quality” houses (as my Dad described them) by a developer named Larchmont. The adjoining fields were filled with many new homes—perhaps 100--in what became Broyhill Crest, Rolf’s Heights adjoining (which is actually mentioned in a *Mommas and Poppas* song), and in 1959, Sleepy Hollow Woods which bordered our community and stretched all the way down to Sleepy Hollow Road at the brook Holmes Run, perhaps another 100 new homes. (I never learned who Holmes was). Expansion would only explode even more in the town from that time forward.

In 1957 a single new, modern home was built at 4008 Ridge Road. It was built for the Morrow family (John and Eve with four daughters, one son—Janet, Pam, Barry, Van, Stacey), who lived there until 1967 when it was purchased by the Moores (three

daughters—Marilyn, Rosalyn, Jocelyn), their mother and a Navy pilot father. They were only there for two years and sold it to the Russos who had relocated into town from Albuquerque, New Mexico (one son and one daughter—Bill and Nancy). The Dad (Frank) was a McDonnell Douglas aerospace engineer—what I dreamed of becoming. All three of these families figured heavily in my upbringing. More on them all later…

I knew many of the other Ridge Road and Rose Lane homeowners and families well and at one time or another mowed the grass of many of these homeowners! Ricciardelli, Richert, Bradney, Sexton, Cope, Skells, Helfand, Bray, McCain, Donahue, Eardley, Chase, Saah, Fortney, Campbell, Impett, Carey, Gould, Harding, Murrell, Kruger, Foulstone, Boleyn, Ketchum, Powell, Rose, Whited, Balas, Baker, Katz, Rasmussen, Harrison, Sloan, Snyder, Shively, Manor, Esche, Hobson, Duffner and more. **Mark Duffner** entered career football coaching and has become a successful and highly respected career NFL coach (late of the Cincinnati Bengals). His sister **Suzanne** was in my class too and was a good friend. She also went to Virginia Tech as did another classmate, Keith Miller whom she married and with whom have made a good life. **Mark Hamill** (“Luke Skywalker”) lived in our neighborhood for a year (his Dad was Air Force) although obviously he was just Mark, and I did not know him. Perhaps a third of the Dads were military officers or government employees so they tended to move in and then move out in three-year cycles when transferred. Columbia Pines at the time of its construction, was the furthest community “out” from the Pentagon (my Dad used to say). My Dad also told me that he built the two entrance signs (circa 1951), which are still there, with help from a fellow engineer at Ft. Belvoir where he then worked.

It was eight miles out into the northern Virginia countryside, and still largely farmland. Columbia Pike (Virginia Route 244) was old. It had seen (as had Virginia Route 236, the Little River Turnpike) the divisions of Union soldiers march on it through Annandale on their way to *and from* both defeats at the First and Second Battles of Manassas (in the hot summers of 1861 and ’62). As a kid I imagined them walking by Columbia Pines. On a **January 1, 1862** map of the area, our neighborhood was called “High Ridge” and on that map perhaps a half mile northeast there are Union Army fortifications marked (called “entrenchments”). Adjacent to High Ridge on that same 1862 map was “Rose Hill”, presumably the antecedent for Rose Lane. Near what is now Bradlick, there are also marked on the same map “Rebel Breastwork”. Also on that map, is marked “Orson Hall” which was Ossian Hall.



Perhaps the eldest residents on my street were Mr. and Mrs. Gould and their single daughter Mae. Mr. Gould had been a farmer when young and he and his wife kept a thriving vegetable garden in their back yard. He did not much like us neighborhood kids. I never learned any of their story. Mae Gould exited their small home each morning, walked to the bus line on Columbia Pike and rode each day to her job in the Pentagon. I did not know what job she had there. The Gould's kept to themselves and only now do I wonder about what was their story? One anecdote: I began to notice that Mr. Gould would walk to the corner and carefully place a paper back into the bushes. I was curious and stealthily waited one day for him to return home and then I went and opened the hidden bag. It had frozen vegetables in it! I returned to my watch-spot and a couple of hours later a woman got off the bus, retrieved the bag and returned to the bus stop. I never had the chance to ask what that was about, and it really wasn't any of my business anyway!

The small Methodist church in Annandale saw its share of Civil War history too, with both Union and Confederate soldiers using its facility as a field hospital. In 1964, I was in the sixth grade at Annandale School. Long before the first school was built (in the 1930s), it had been the site of a Union stockade during the War (attacked by Colonel John S. Mosby's *Rangers* on one occasion)

—I learned this from a careful reading in the *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion,* which my father showed me with himself some first-time interest, in the Fairfax Library (the Virginia Room) in the late 1970s. As well, I found a time-whitened miníe ball sticking up out of the dirt of the school baseball field. My teacher —who also lived in my neighborhood—was not impressed. At the time, our sixth-grade lore informed that a two-ringed miníe ball was Confederate and one with three-rings was from the Union army. I remember mine had two rings, but I also learned later that such artifacts were commonly still being found.

When young, I was taken a few times by my Dad to Accotink Creek (or perhaps to its Crook Branch) in West Annandale, across the Beltway, towards Fairfax. There, spread across the creek, were the remains (my father said) of a Civil War dam. I remember the old rocks across the creek. I don't know if he knew what he was talking about, but he did not generally make things up when there was some historical issue in play. One Thanksgiving we were there, and I remember my mother nodding and saying, "Yup. It's true."

One other barely visible remnant in our town from those times is preserved in the tiny Manassas Gap Park, about a mile from where I lived—on Hummer Road and Royce Court. In this small Park preserve sits the remnant-piece of the railroad bed for the unfinished late 1850s Manassas Gap Railroad that was supposed to run from Alexandria to Manassas. (Its proposed route is marked on the previous 1862 map by the dark, dashed line). The Civil War terminated its construction although some of the infrastructure survived. It was this same line that saw a fierce battle during Second Manassas, at the "railroad cut." I learned of this remaining whisper of those times when I was a senior in high school and my friend Tom, who lived on Hummer Road, showed me the remaining railroad embankment, which quite amazingly with all that area's development, can still be seen. (Tom, by the way, was taking me to visit Dave Kuniansky, who I remember played the sitar).

Dad had a powerful sense of history and current events and locations of significance. I went along with my parents to the opening of the first section of the Capitol Beltway and to the first day and dedication of Dulles International Airport; to the July 4th fireworks under the Washington Monument, to the burning of Ossian Hall (as mentioned), on one visit to Fort Ward—a remaining Civil War fort from the ring of fortifications erected after First Manassas, and many other events. Dad didn't seem to know much about the Civil War, except to remark, "Well, the right side won." He held no interest in Arlington House (nor its Cemetery), Richmond nor any of the many Civil War battlefields and engagements around the state of Virginia. Only later, after college, did I begin to visit all of those. I never learned until much later that almost all Fairfax County residents had voted <u>for</u> secession. I never heard in my youth of the frequent pillage by both Union and Confederate soldiers but primarily those of the Union armies of local farms (including Ossian Hall). My parents never discussed slavery, or the injustices inflicted upon the African slaves (or any others), nor of the long difficult plight of former slaves after the Civil War My Dad never heard of Union General O.O. Howard, after whom Howard University was named, nor of the earlier driving west of the native Americans who once lived, hunted and fished all over Fairfax County nor of their simple footpaths which would later become wagon roads and eventually major motor vehicle arteries. My parents were not derisive of these pieces of history—just uninterested. They would have just said, "It's just what is." The passions of the 21st century were not yet invented in the 1950s and 60s. Terms like "racial reconciliation," "remunerations," "critical theories" and "enforced diversity" would have simply been completely alien to them. My parents and their contemporaries were still processing the Great Depression, *especially* the Second World War, the Korean War, and then with huge concern the Cold War and then its stepchild, the Vietnam War and only after 1964, the civil rights movement.

I heard very little about Colonel Mosby, Generals Joseph Johnston, P.G.T. Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson or even General Irwin McDowell.—all of whom spent a good bit of time in Fairfax County. They were mere ghosts. Slavery, as a *northern Virginia* reality was

never mentioned. Slaves did not exist in the thousands in northern Virginia (as they did further south) but they did exist. My Dad did tell me that a small community of African-Americans (although that designation was not yet in vogue) lived on Lincolnia Road, down Columbia Pike towards Barcroft which were, he said, descended from a community of ex-slaves in the area. Their church was Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church which he pointed out to me once.

My parents seemed interested only in the colonial history or the post-Second World War history of our town and then mainly only my Dad. I was taken one time to visit Carlyle House (1752) in Alexandria with great verve and of course, to Mount Vernon several times (usually when relatives were visiting)—always wondering when viewing George Washington's tomb (I remember), "are his bones really IN that tomb?"

Of course, to look back and think that your parents *should* have taught you about this or that is quite unfair. I am sure my father's parents didn't teach him as much as he would have liked to know about Denmark (where they came from). I doubt whether my mother's parents taught much about their family's long heritage or the history of Tennessee (except as it connected with the Church of Christ, in which most of them were thoroughly entrenched). Because *I* am interested in a particular focus of history—albeit very local—does not mean that *they* should have been just as fascinated with northern Virginia. They gave to me what they could.
Here are two aerial shots of the neighborhood, from 1937 and 1953:

1937 -

1953 -

A small 1950s U.S. Army antiaircraft base[2] was on Gallows Road (marked above), across from what we all called “Farmer’s Hill.” I remember my Dad taking me to peer into the front gate, so I must have been very young. The Annandale Chamber of Commerce website tells the story:

> Annandale folklore includes the story that a NIKE missile defense base was located in Annandale during the 1950’s... In fact, the Army base located along Gallows Road was an Antiaircraft Artillery Gun Site, listed as W-63, a precursor to the NIKE missile defense program in Northern Virginia. This base was in existence from 1951-1957 when the residential community of Broyhill Crest was largely completed. Obviously, an artillery base cannot operate with shells raining over the homes of a large housing

[2] https://www.annandalechamber.com/armyantiaircraftbase1951annandale.rhtml

project. In the year before the base closed, the artillery sites were dismantled, and munitions removed. In 1959, the property on which the actual base was situated was sold and developed into the housing community now present. The base had always been closed to the public which may have spurred the speculation of what was housed within. In order to quell some of the gossip, the troops participated in the 1953 Annandale Parade winning the designation of the best marching unit in the parade.

In the winter of 1967, as a freshman at Annandale High School, classmate Jeff Dickey (another friend whose father was an army officer) told me that the base was once where his residential subdivision was located, on Gallows Road. I actually walked there, to look for any remaining evidences. I found none, to my disappointment.

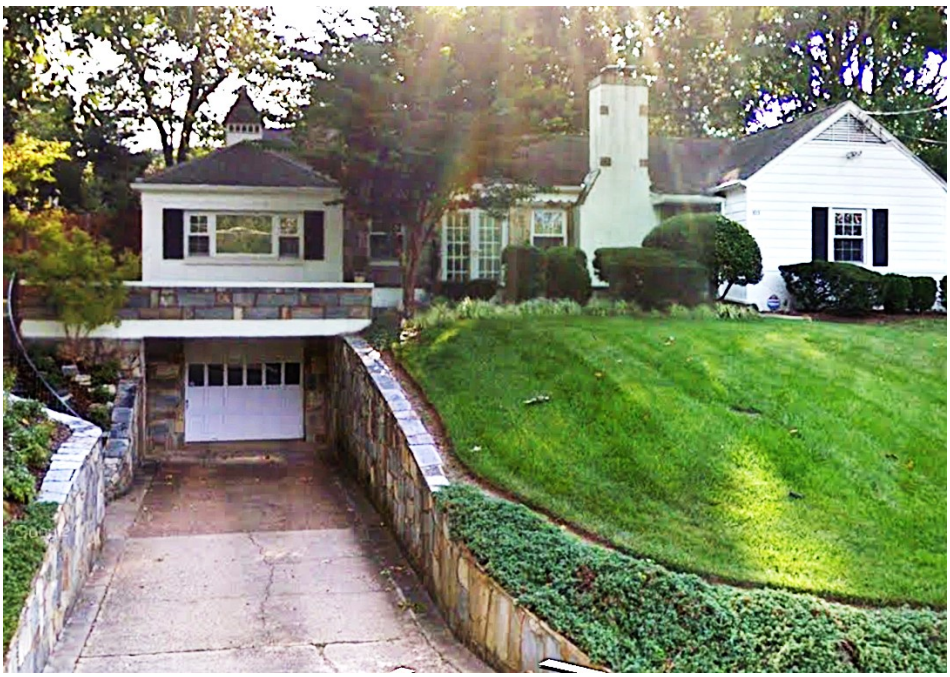
Another hard-bitten neighbor family—from three doors up from me—were the Krugers, but for just three years. I was good friends with the son—and got into all kinds of hijinks with him (and in trouble with the Dad, U.S. Army full colonel). One Saturday we melted a penny with his Dad's blow torch in the garage. His Dad caught us and read us the riot act not for endangering ourselves with a 1000° flame (this was when I learned the melting point of copper) but for defacing a piece of U.S. currency, which to the colonel was the greater crime.

One another Saturday morning, Colonel Kruger was on a social call to a friend of his in Arlington—he took his son, Dick, and me along. The colonel's friend was a USMC "Marine One" helicopter pilot, in the weeks before President Kennedy's assassination in Dallas. I do not remember his name. But I do remember that in the Marine pilot's home there was a bright red telephone on the wall. I pulled the receiver from the wall and put it to my ear, to hear on the other end the automatic identifying receptionist voice (no ring first), "White House." I hung up and never mentioned it to the colonel or to his son. On another occasion we exploded a whole case of caps with his Dad's large wooden mallet in one whack, "Boom!" The Dad came running into the garage (again) very upset. I was merely sent home. I do not know what punishments were inflicted on Dick, my friend. I plainly remember

my Dad asking when I walked in the door, “Whatcha been up to?” I replied, “Nuthin. Just having fun with Dick.” I remember my Dad’s eyebrow rising but he said nothing. He may have heard the “boom” or received a call from the colonel. Nothing was said though and despite all these things, I still joined the family on two Airstream weekend “trailer rallies” to the Blue Ridge mountains. There, I remember, the colonel and his wife relaxed (as did the kids).

Built in 1957, the house at 4008 Ridge Road was for that time very modern. Barry Morrow was my best friend from that year until 1966 when I entered Annandale High School. Barry was still in the 8th grade. We spent our childhood together. We explored every nook and cranny of his 1957 “new” house—it had a cool attic and a neat car port with a ping pong table. We spent literally days carving out “village” streets in his back yard for our little *Matchbox* cars and *Minitank* military vehicles. We did the same in my backyard—just where I recently learned from the 1937 map there was only a road! Barry’s father threw a baseball in their backyard for us, many, many times in a three-person game called “hotbox.” Mr. Morrow had a severity about him but he was always good to me. The two older sisters were also nice to me, Janet—who was married to Paul Barner—and Pam, who was perhaps four years older than Barry and me. (His birthday was Dec. 7th and mine is Dec. 10th. We were both born in the same year.) We roamed the wider neighborhood together and the days of summer were long and hot. One summer, while my Dad was in Europe with the Army, a neighbor boy, older, high school I guess, took Barry and me into his basement to “show us something.” We stupidly accompanied him. His parents were not home. I do not remember his name but he lined us up against the basement block wall and told us to stand still. He pulled out a .22 rifle and shot several rounds into the wall above our heads. “Just target practice,” he laughed and I remember that he laughed loudly. We managed to get out through the open garage door. I told my mother. Barry told his father who called the police. I never heard what reaction the police measured towards our neighbor. But Mr. Morrow and my mother were plainly upset. I remember that my father, upon his return from Europe, went to see Mr. Morrow and

was told, “It’s been taken care of.” I never learned what that meant but not long after that the family moved out.



Ridge Road home with the “target practice” basement –
“dog bite” location was next door

An early memory in our neighborhood, was my being torn up by a neighbor’s dog. I was about five (summer 1958) and was taken to National Hospital near the Pentagon for surgery. I remember the wife of the family was a Seventh Day Adventist and although she was a nurse herself, told my mother that I didn’t need to go to the hospital. My mother insisted—it was another time that my father was in Europe. My ear was torn open, as I remember it, and then surgically repaired without much anesthesia. The father was a highly respected Air Force full colonel, and I remember him holding my hand on the table as the doc sewed me up. For whatever protocol was in place, the dog had to be gotten rid of. Their son never forgave me for that. The dog’s name was Frisky.

In 1967 the Morrows moved to Charlottesville, and I lost track of Barry until 1971 when saw him as a new student at Virginia Tech! In 1972 we had lunch at Hardee’s together once. A few years ago, I managed to find him on the internet. He had had a very successful career. I don’t know where he lives now.

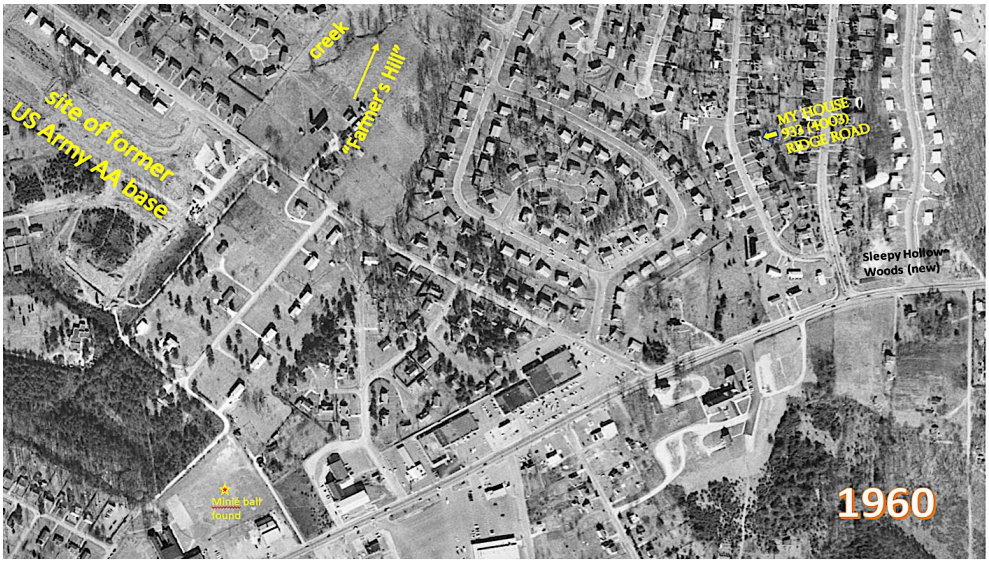
4008 Ridge Road then became the home of the Moore family which included three daughters. The eldest, Marilyn, was a college student at Longwood College in Farmville, Virginia, a location which seemed to me a long ways away! I only met Marilyn once or twice and she was very nice to me. CDR Moore was a Navy pilot and his younger two daughters, Rosalyn and Jocelyn, became friends with me. I took (we walked) Jocelyn on one "date," to the Annandale Theatre, to view the Steve McQueen movie *Papillon* one Saturday afternoon. But not a great film to take a date to! Roz was a star athlete and a year ahead of me at AHS—she was so well accomplished! I was a pseudo-athlete too (wrestling) but I admired her achievements. The Moores only stayed in Annandale for two years and I still remember sadly waving goodbye to this family on July 12th 1969—funny that I remember that date—as they moved to Georgia. The sisters presented me with a silver I.D. bracelet with my name engraved, a treasure that I wore throughout college. The sisters stayed in touch with me through my first two years of college and then we fell out of touch. Over the last couple of years recently though, after so many decades, contact is happily re-established courtesy of Facebook. Rosalyn lives in Georgia and Jocelyn in Wyoming.

Mid-July 1969 the Russo family moved in. The parents were friendly to me. The son was a college student at UNC Chapel Hill and a very good guy to talk with. Bill "tutored me" in philosophy, sitting on their front lawn, and got me to read (or attempt to read)

Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason,* and some of the writings of George Hegel and Karl Marx—very heady stuff. He later became Chairman of the Republican Party for the state of North Carolina. He has died in recent years. The sister, Nancy Jo, was a wonderful young woman, four years my junior but I rarely saw her after I went to Va Tech. The father, Frank, enchanted me as an aerospace engineer for McDonnell Douglas. In August 1969 I was invited to be the family guest at the 1969 Air Exposition at Dulles Airport. I was seated with the Russos at the McDonnell Douglas V.I.P. tent. It was the occasion of the first ever public take-off of the new C-5A *Galaxy* and the *Blue Angels* were performing. They landed, pulled their four F-4 Phantoms up to the trailer and I was introduced to the pilots. I remember that Mr. Russo was quite upset at the mechanical condition of the Phantoms—I remember him saying that in his opinion they should not have been flying at all! Frank Russo would invite me to their living room and talk about aeronautics, aircraft design and such with me. He had a friend who was an engineer for Lockheed and that engineer sent me a large packet of aircraft drawings. I was taking Aircraft Drafting during my senior year at AHS and Mr. Schwartz was impressed at my "connections." He, himself, was a B-24 Liberator navigator from the Second World War and walked with a severe limp, from a crash of his bomber. Nancy Jo Russo is on Facebook but it appears she has fallen on hard times later in life. I have not attempted contact.

March 7th 1970 was a great day for me. It was a Saturday and it was the day of a total solar eclipse! My father rigged a contraption so you could watch the eclipse without actually looking at the sun. Also that day I received in the mail my acceptance letter to Va Tech, the package of Lockheed aircraft drawings and my Dad let me use the family car to drive to Jellef's in Arlington to purchase the new King Crimson album *In the Court of the Crimson King.* I slept with a smile on my face that night!

The Burling Tract issue was in full play in 1970 too. More about that later…


creek
"Farmer's Hill"
site of former
US Army AA base
MY HOUSE
Sleepy Hollow
Woods (new)
Minie ball
found
1960

As in the memories of many

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"neighborhood kids," the stores of note are always fun to reminisce about. On Columbia Pike, down the hill from Columbia Pines, there was the A&P Supermarket, Drug Fair (which was robbed through the ceiling one dark and stormy night! Friend Jeff Kemp and I played many scratch games of handball there behind the store--our many handballs are probably still on the roof), High's Dairy Store, Sports and Hobbies (my favorite), Tops drive-in (home of the "Sirloiner"), Three Chefs, Deaver's Appliances (run by "Old Man Deaver," my parents called him), Clark's Music —so very cool, had lots of guitars, guitar equipment and an old, huge dog who lay in the store, owned by Mr. Clark. The Safeway, next to Annandale School, was my mother's weekly grocery shopping destination and usually I accompanied her. In 1960 there were displayed larger toy displays and I remember fawning over a space launch set, which my parents surprised me with for my 8th birthday—purchased at the Safeway.

Behind Safeway there was a little dress shop called *Iva Trice.* It was my mother's favorite clothing store and from time to time my Dad would stop there on his way home from work and purchase a dress or blouse for her. He would proudly present it to her, boxed and wrapped. She never, ever was disappointed or chided him. It was one lovely and happy connection they always had. If he presented her with a clothing or jewelry gift, she always loved

them! In later years there was also the *Thrift Store* which was a favorite of my Dad.

And of course, there was Kerlin's Korner—a convenience store, at the corner of the Little River Turnpike and Columbia Pike (the white house in the lower center of the cover picture, 1950). It was called Shirkey Drug in my earliest memories. In colonial days it was the location for the Turnpike toll booth and the large log turnstile, which my Dad says was still there lying behind the store in the days when they first moved to Annandale in 1950. Further down the Little River Turnpike was Capone's Music. The father of a high school classmate, Cathy Capone, owned that music store but sadly it burned when I was in high school. The morning after the fire—no one was around--my friend Jeff and I crawled through the burned ruins looking for music flotsam and jetsam! I went away with a burned horn end of a saxophone which I kept for years—from today's perspective to "loot" a burned store would be criminal. In 1968 it was just what we did.

On the other side of Columbia Pike was People's Drug and Giant Food as well as "Dawson's Small Arms of the World" which had an indoor rifle and pistol range in the basement. I often took my .22 Mossberg rifle, slung over my shoulder, down to the range to shoot. Can you imagine me doing that today? There was also a "surfer shop" there, what would later come to be called a "head shop." One Saturday I purchased a black "surfer cross" on a chain (they came in different colors) and wore it home around my neck. When he saw it my Dad flew into a rage and insisted that I immediately return the small bit of "bling" for a refund, which I did. I did not yet realize that the "surfer cross" looked just like a Wehrmacht Iron Cross from the German Army. We would have none of THAT in 4003 Ridge Road!

Across the parking lot from the "surfer shop" was the new Slot Car Racing Track. This was the rage for some of us as young high school guys (a few girls I think too). There was another such establishment in Springfield too, but we couldn't walk to that place. You bought a slot car kit (for me the Cox *Cheetah*), built the car, jazzed it up as best you could with special slicks, a liquid

lubricant for the tires called “Tiger Milk”, decals, custom painting, carried it in a special fishing tackle type case and spent Saturdays racing your friends at the Track. I was amazed at how quickly this fad came and went. By my junior year in high school this amusement fad had completely died! No one was even talking about it anymore.

There was the area hardware store, Star Supply, a print shop where my Dad got large sheets of drawing paper for me and the Annandale Bowling Alley—a place of frequent visits for me and my friends through the eighth grade. It was the place I first learned the finer aspects of pinball. We also bowled occasionally too. I also remember the French Fries from the grill being the finest a 7th and 8th grade boy’s palate could find!

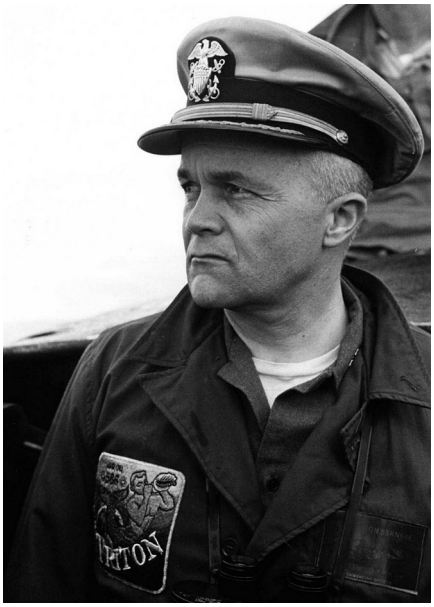
We walked or perhaps rode our bicycles—everywhere! Into the woods, up hills, down hills, to school, to the store, to friends’ homes, going by various girls’ homes continually (when we got up our courage), in races, in the middle of Columbia Pike and on and on. Our parents had no idea where we were—it would not really have occurred to us to tell them. We just had to be home by dinner time! One day two friends had the brilliant idea to turn their bicycles upside down. They were up on the hill at Mr. Webb’s farmhouse. They then got the back wheel turning fast, drop a handful of rocks on to the turning wheel, which rocketed them out on to cars on Columbia Pike. They only did this once, and then thought better of it… This would be in the Top Twenty stupidest things they ever did.

One of the most important families in our neighborhood (at least to me) was the Eardleys on Rose Lane—among the earliest new occupants of Columbia Pines. They were early great friends to my parents in the 1950s. Ed and Marge were transplants from Utah, and Mr. Eardley, an electrical power engineer, travelled a lot. Their son Brent, I mentioned earlier, was ten years older than me. Their daughter, Linda, was five years older than me and she often babysat for me when I was young. My parents adored Linda. She went off to college to Penn State in 1965 and it was many years before I reconnected with her—she and her husband Daryl had

moved into the Rose Lane house and I visited them with my just-graduated-from-high-school-daughter, Jocelyn in 2000. They showed us around, took us out to eat and made a real impression on Jocelyn! Daryl was a court judge in Washington and was completely charming. Our daughter is now an attorney and Jocelyn has spoken often what a great time we had with Linda and Daryl. Sadly, Daryl passed away but I am still happily in touch with Linda who lives in Loudon County now. There seem very few left now who remember or that have any interest in talking about our neighborhood in the 50s and 60s but Linda and I have shared many memories of our growing up in Columbia Pines!

Because so many neighborhood Dads were military, there was lots of moving in and moving out. We had some well-known officers in our locale, too. Captain Edward Beach (1918-2003) living on Rose Lane. He was a highly decorated U.S. Navy submarine officer and best-selling author (*Run Silent, Run Deep*). He was part of the Battle of Midway and many other WWII engagements, earned the Navy Cross, two Silver Stars, two Bronze stars, etc. was the first naval officer to circumvent the globe wholly submerged in a submarine, and was a Naval aide to President Eisenhower. I never met him but my father knew him and greatly respected him. Another neighbor was U.S. Air Force Major General Reginald L. Clizbe (1916-2003). He was a good friend of my father. When I was in perhaps the sixth grade, my parents were at a neighborhood cocktail party, me being babysat by Joan Bennett—a high school student on our other next door, whose father was an Air Force full colonel. I had gone to bed when the doorbell wrang. Joan answered it and there stood an Air Force two-star General in full uniform asked for “an audience with young Master Neil Damgaard.” Joan was flustered when my own father jumped out from behind the bushes and put Joan’s fears to rest. At my father’s military funeral in 1994, General Clizbe’s wife and daughter attended the event at the Bushnell National Cemetery in Florida with great kindness to my mother and me. The daughter, Candace, was a childhood playmate from Columbia Pines.

Major General Clizbe



Captain Beach

Another neighborhood luminary was U.S. Navy Captain Audley H. McCain (1919-2004). No relation, to my knowledge, to the more famous also Captain and later Senator John McCain. Our Captain McCain served in and commanded destroyers throughout his WWII and Korean careers—and my father told me that he was involved at destroyer command level with the blockade of Cuba during the October 1962 Missile Crisis. His son, Mark, was the neighbor friend who invited me to try the Boy Scout troop in our area (Troop 674). I looked up to Mark as one of the older boys in our locale (2 years older than me) who seemed to watch out for us younger plebes! He was joined by Tony Stockus (whose father also yet another Air Force colonel), John Messina and Al Wright, all seniors when I was a freshman. Messina and Wright were also Boy Scouts and I had a good experience with the Scouts. Interestingly, I recently submitted a remembrance article to a Facebook page *Remembering Northern Virginia* that has 50,000 members! I had submitted a number of reflection-articles (maybe 14 at that point) about growing up there which had received lots of good responses and comments. But this one that I did about being in the Boy Scouts was flatly rejected by the Administrator. I had nothing but good remembrances about my three years in that troop and shared nothing but happy memories. But for some reason—no explanation given—it was flatly rejected. I guess the BSA are no longer considered by some at least, as an honorable

organization. Sad…. One of the finest male leaders I (as a young man) ever met was our Scoutmaster, retired Coast Guard CPO Richard Eastman. My Dad thought the world of him too.

As to the Missile Crisis of October 1962 those of us with military Dads were pretty nervous in our families. (Remember the AHS school newspaper, the "*A-Blast*?") At the intersection of Gallows Road and Columbia Pike there was a green, steel tank-like model of a bomb shelter. It must have been a marketing ploy. We used to lob "M 80s" into it to hear the boom. But these were scary times and my Dad had a special identification card (which I still possess) for him to use to gain entry to the Redstone Arsenal in Alabama in case there was a nuclear attack. I never asked him how he was to get there or what would become of my Mom and I in such a case. But his orders were clear. Only many years later was it revealed how very close the United States and the Soviet Union came to the brink in October 1962. No ABM system existed, no "Iron Dome" system as the Israelis now possess. I think it was in those days, around my tenth birthday that I began to learn to pray.

The assassination of President Kennedy was felt everywhere of course. In my neighborhood school was closed for a week. On that day, our teacher was given the news in the afternoon of November 22nd. She was so upset that she sent us out to the water fountain in threes to give her the chance to compose herself. I will never forget the cynical comment one of my classmates in my "three" remarked at the drinking fountain, "Ah, the bum deserved it." Even at the time I was amazed that any of us could be so cynical although I did not learn that word for years. We were sent home early and school did not resume for something like a week.

My parents and I watched the First Lady and the children on television as the President was laid to rest in Arlington Cemetery and the "eternal flame" was lit. I had no idea at all who Lyndon Baines Johnson was. We quickly learned though, the names Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby. But I just remember watching the funeral on television, how cold it was outside, and my parents' sad faces…

I remember all my Annandale Elementary School teachers. I began there in the 2nd grade with Mrs. Baker. In the third grade my teacher was Mrs. Hayden, whom my father favored because evidently, she hailed from the same hometown as did he in Wisconsin. In the fourth grade I spent most of the year in class with Mrs. Merrow who was the one youngest teacher I had. It was in that year that I broke my ankle and had it in a plaster cast for six weeks. Also, it was then that we all watched the space program with Mercury spacecraft launches on a television in our classroom! In the fifth grade it was Mrs. Spruill (I was assigned the role of one of the three sideline pigs, with one line, in costume with curly tail, to Hazel Hartsoe's "Charlotte" in the class production of *Charlotte's* Web); and in the sixth grade—when it seemed like life really began—it was Mrs. Elsie Covell. I have long wondered at their stories, each of them.

Mrs. Merrow

Mrs. Covell

From the sixth grade at Annandale Elementary and from right around the time of the JFK assassination, my best and closest friend was Jeff Kemp, AHS class of 1970 classmate and good friend down to today. Jeff very patiently taught me how to play guitar, out of Beatles books. His family moved onto Justine Drive in 1963. Jeff's father (still alive as of this writing) was U.S. Air Force full Colonel Bert Kemp. He had been a B-17 navigator in Italy in WWII, flew B-26s in Korea and was involved in the Manned Orbiting Laboratory (the MOL) in later years. He was a figure to be reckoned with. Jeff had two older sisters, Gina and Victoria. His mother's name was Betty, and was always kind to me. Col. Kemp

was another important neighborhood figure. My parents did not know them, but I was around them frequently. Jeff went to Purdue and after a year transferred to the University of Wisconsin, Madison where he graduated in psychology. I visited him there in 1973. What I remember from that trip was West Mifflin Street in Madison which *seceded* from the United States for a time. Ah! Those were such serious days! But the city responded with, “fine. Pick up your own garbage, then.” So mountains of garbage sat and mounted up on the sidewalks in front of homes. Apparently, this induced the new “country’s” leaders to re-apply for admission to the Union! I don’t remember Jeff thinking any of this was funny. Postnote: about forty years later, I would have an “elder” in our church in Dartmouth who was an accounting professor. Larry had been a young professor at UW-Madison in those days. He remembered West Mifflin Street.

All through high school my buddies and I threw a baseball or a football in the street. For hours. We had a bat sometimes too and would hit the ball to each other. We played the hide right off countless baseballs. That was how we learned what was *inside* a baseball! If the ball hit the overhead powerlines, which it often did and could be heard loudly inside our house, my father would storm out of my house and holler at us. I would invariably promise to make sure that this would not happen again. Until it did again. My Dad was the loudest yeller in the neighborhood I think and usually the only one of all the Dads who would actually come out into the fray and yell at me. It was always scary to me.

In March 1968 I took the PSAT at Marshall High School in Falls Church—I remember it was snowing. While I was taking the test, my parents went exploring to “kill time.” They ended up in Herndon. There they noticed a dilapidated, old house with the front door open and “swinging in the breeze” as Dad said. They were intrigued and first, they drove to the Herndon Police Station and inquired as to the house’s ownership. The police informed them, so my parents said, that “no one owns that house—it’s just an eyesore.” So back my parents went, entered into the dark house and found no one inside. They began to survey the house’s contents and found many obviously nineteenth century artifacts

around. There were vases and brass figurines and artwork. Dad said there was a complete set of "Balzac"[3] (I never heard of that or him, before), on a collapsed shelf. They decided to help themselves to a few of items, which they researched and kept until 1990 when they relocated to Florida. They left the set of Balzac writings. This whole incident was such an uncharacteristic kind of undertaking for them. It fascinated me for years.

The Murrell family lived two doors up from me and their son Steve was a local hero. He was star quarterback for the Atoms and led them to state football championships. But more important to me was that he was a good friend, though three years older than me. He would come throw the football out in the street with us and he was so good none of us felt like we could even hardly hold a ball! He went to LSU on a football scholarship while in college, and when home he would take me to concerts (he also loved guitars!) Steve took me to Baltimore with him to hear Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young play just after Kent State—the first public performance, Neil Young said, of his new song *Ohio.* Steve was 20 and I was 17. Steve also took me with him to The Ark in Alexandria, a hipster concert venue in a small former church, to hear Poco play, the loudest concert I ever attended. I lost touch with Steve after those days, which I regretted. His Dad was another Army colonel and his older brother attended West Point. I think Steve lives in Atlanta now.

Much could be said about the AHS football dynasty. It was exciting to the whole town. Coaches Ed Henry and Bob Hardage were legendary. Henry even made it into the story of *Remember the Titans* in the 2000 movie. The whole atmosphere from 1965 to 1968 was mesmerized by the AHS Atoms teams. In 1967 the Atoms ended up ranked #3 in the nation and the team had three All-American players on one team: Rob Frere, Jeff Von Beulwitz and Ted Tedesco. We were undefeated and the team seemed larger than life. I barely hung on with the J.V.s and only because that was the first year, I believe, that they decided to "cut" no one…. From the 1968 AHS yearbook…

[3] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Honor%C3%A9_de_Balzac

Wrestling was huge too, for AHS and we had several champions on that team too (on which I participated but only ever wrestled on varsity once!) Steve Willis was a perennial state champion – we were very proud of him!

Other rival high schools that were large in our awareness in my youth included W.T. Woodson (which we learned to hate), J.E.B. Stuart (who ended AHS's undefeated streak on a sad Friday night), Fairfax, Falls Church (noted for their wonderful marching band), Marshall, R.E. Lee, Jefferson (now ranked as the #1 high school in the nation), T.C. Williams, Washington & Lee, Yorktown, Fort Hunt and others…

For my sophomore and junior years of high school there was an afternoon touch football game across the two front lawns across the street from my home. Our tribe of teens and pre-teens was large for this afternoon event. We wore the grass off both front lawns down to the dirt, which I can only imagine was a frustration to the owners. But it was *their* kids too, involved in the gridiron matches. One of the homeowner couples was two high school teachers (the Hardings) and I learned later, much loved by the students in their high school classes. I think they were pretty indulgent of our neighborhood athletics. There were teenage girls and guys involved and well, we were staying *there* many afternoons, in full view of adult supervision!

In 1965, a family of five sons and a recently widowed father moved in next door to me in Annandale. The residents before them had installed an in-ground swimming pool—a first in our area. The Sexton sons became a whole new addition to the social structure and equilibrium of the neighborhood. The eldest, George, was an architecture student at Virginia Tech—he is the one who recommended that I look into that university later--which of course, I did. When he was at home between sessions, he was a good, older friend to me. George went on to become a very successful architect, founded George Sexton Associates with offices in Washington, New York and London. But I have had no contact with him since my freshman year at Va Tech when he was a fifth year senior. The second son, Jack—later a very successful veterinarian (University of Maryland). He had a whole-neighborhood high school graduation party. Hundreds of his friends attended and the neighborhood took months to recover (so it was said)! Third son, Bill, was in my high school class, but I was never friends or close to him. Fourth and fifth sons, Jim and Dan, were good friends with many memories made together. I am still friendly with each, on Facebook. Their father, George senior, was a wonderfully friendly gentleman to me. He often welcomed me to use their swimming pool or come into their home to watch football on television with him and his sons. I was always sad to know that his wife, and the sons' mother, had died of cancer before their moving to Columbia Pines. The Sextons provided one other pleasant memory for me: they had two beagles, Teddy and Suzy who were let out every morning into the neighborhood. Off they ran up Ridge Road and to who knows where? Every afternoon they came running home. I always loved those two dogs and I always wondered where they went every day?

In February 1966 there was a giant blizzard. Across the street from me lived an older couple, Mrs. Dottie Daley and her husband (you got it!), Air Force Colonel Daley. This older couple liked me and had me into their home for food and hired me to mow their lawn often. They had a large Poodle named Susie, whom they adored. For this blizzard, the colonel was out of town and Mrs. Daley hired Tony from next door—AHS senior—and me to shovel her walkways and driveway. There was so much snow it took the

two of us (no snowblowers in those days) eight solid hours to clean their property. There was something like two feet of snow everywhere. She paid us the sum of twenty dollars, ten dollars each. I had never before seen (or possessed) that much money at once!

I began my employment history mowing lawns all over Columbia Pines from the seventh grade on. I used my Dad's lawnmower and he taught me how to keep it in good maintenance. Generally, for $3/lawn, I worked for female homeowners except one: Mr. Foulstone, who now lived in the Kruger house (the Krugers, had since been Army-transferred). A retired government employee, he was very kind to me as was his wife, and he gave me many hours of paid work around his yard, his gardens, cleaning his gutters, etc. I never learned his or her first names and to my knowledge they had no children. When I finally graduated from high school, he and his wife provided me with a gracious graduation gift: $20! I don't think he knew my parents at all. As a senior I obtained a job at the Roth's Americana Theater, down the street from AHS, and I was an usher. Several other fellow students were also ushers and classmate Rick LeCompte was an "assistant manager." Ushers were paid $1/hour and we were required, on shifts, to stand inside the theatre with a flashlight throughout the films. So we would see features twenty and thirty times over. To amuse ourselves we would quietly recite lines sometimes from the back, a line ahead of its play in the movie. Films I became intimately acquainted with included *A Man for All Seasons, Oliver* (which I hated), *The Good, the Bad & the Ugly* (which I loved), *Z* (a political movie that I didn't understand at all—it didn't matter *how* many times I had to watch it!), *The Lion in Winter, Paint Your Wagon*, and many others. The high school aged staff got into all kinds of mischief around the theater. Guys were ushers and projectionists, and girls staffed the refreshment stand and the ticket booth. I "dated" two of these… (is that even a word anymore?)

While home on college break, I often worked local construction jobs. They paid $2.75 to $3.00 an hour! Area construction jobs which I worked on included:

- Arlington Asphalt, summer 1971
    - Widening and fresh paving of Columbia Pike, with surveyor Jim Dobie. I was a surveyors' assistant, which meant I held the pole while Mr. Dobie manned the transit. He was kind to me, and I worked that whole summer with him (except when I was re-taking a chemistry course at George Mason). I worked just down from my parents' home. Mr. Dobie pulled me out of the way at the last minute one afternoon or I would have lost a leg to an approaching road grader. "Keep your eyes open, son." Another red neck laborer named "Joe" stuck a wad of chewing tobacco in my mouth one morning. Made me sick all day!
- Mount Vernon Masonry, winter 1971
    - Springfield Library, on the very site of original Ravensworth mansion (which I only learned later). I only worked a week on this job, toting brick and block with brick-tongs up two and three levels of scaffolding on the new library. It was the hardest physical labor that I ever did. I teamed with good friend Jim Melancon, a new Va Tech freshman for that week of work. Jim was a better laborer than I was, and he was probably my favorite friend that year. Two days also, working on a new Shop addition to my own high school, Annandale High.
- Walt Robbins Inc., Christmas break, 1972
    - Springfield commercial building project, a two-week job doing building construction labor on a new warehouse. Not a friendly foreman, as I remember. He didn't seem to like temporary college student workers. Told me temp help was not entitled to the Christmas baskets that were delivered to employees on Christmas Eve. Or he just didn't like me.

I am inclined to record very little of the ebb and flow of my dating experiences though they were very important, even all-consuming, at the time. Young men and women all of us, with to my eye only the most general ethics, empowered with almost complete freedom (especially after we acquired a driver's

license), little accountability, if any—I had none--no knowledge of what was actually going *on* in these intense relationships,—I am amazed we did not get into more trouble. No one that I knew of had received “the talk” from parents and if they had they didn’t talk about it. Whatever use sex education classes in school might have been (and I don’t remember any at that time), would have seemed pretty useless. But the overall climate, as generally unrestrained as it was, was nothing compared to what it would become in ten, twenty and more years later. I wonder how *then* we would have evaluated the volatile reaction that we hear today to the words “purity”, “abstinence” and “abortion.”

For movies, other than what you might catch on television, there was the Annandale Theater, our Roth’s Americana, the Jefferson Theater in Falls Church and the Bradlick Theater. That’s all I remember that there were to attend in which to see a movie. I suppose that if you could figure how to get into D.C. there were more options. One Saturday morning in my sophomore year (spring 1968; just before I think, the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. when the “District” exploded) our wonderful biology teacher, Mrs. Peggy Jarman (also our Class of 1970 sponsor) arranged an off-the-radar trip into the District, to view together the new film, *2001: A Space Odyssey.* It was a highlight of our whole high school experience for those of us who attended. Mrs. Jarman rocketed up the charts in our minds. At that time she was 27. It was a County School Bus which we rode and we had an incredible time. Peggy told us as an honored guest at our high school class 40th reunion at Chantilly in 2010 that she very nearly lost her job for that stunt! We loved her all the more. I remember her teaching us how to “pith” (paralyze) frogs before we dissected them, and her not enjoying the procedure. Sadly, she died in 2016 of heart failure at 75. A graduate of James Madison University, her obituary reads, “Midway through life, she evolved into a fierce advocate for women's rights, abortion rights as an executive for Planned Parenthood in Kansas and was a proud advocate for the cause of the LGBTQ+ community.”

My “tales of the neighborhood” do not include stories of drinking. I did not drink and never have but my abstinence has not been for

religious reasons. Both my parents struggled with alcoholism with many attendant symptoms, which most of my friends witnessed. And so, though many high school classmates made a great practice of acquiring beer, Boone's Farm wine (I remember), and telling tales of getting older people to buy liquor for them at Dixie Liquors across the Key Bridge in Georgetown, I had no desire to go down that road.

"Grass" as we called marijuana in those heady days of 1967 and on, was another matter. My neighborhood friend Blair showed me "grass" for the first time. (Sadly, he died of a heart defect while I was still in college). Most of my theater friends smoked too—even the "squeakiest clean" among them--and they still got good grades. Our parents knew little about it nor about acid, mescaline, PCP or other drugs. So I could easily have gotten into it too, but did not while in Annandale. Later, in college and 250 miles away, well that was another story, for a short season.

There were virtually no blacks, Asian people or Hispanic people in our neighborhoods or other ethnic minorities that I remember. When D.C. exploded in 1968 when Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in Memphis, we were given close to a week off from school. We were warned that inner city gangs were threatening to come out into the suburbs to exact vengeance. We could hardly imagine it happening and it did not—although my father was threatened in his office in Building T-7, next to National Airport. But we, the Annandale teenagers, were growing up. And it was the late nineteen sixties.

I never knew where any of our junior high school, called Intermediate School then, or high school teachers lived (except my freshman year Algebra 1 teacher Colonel Boleyn who lived on Rose Lane and I never went anywhere near his house!) And my senior year English teacher, Bernice London had a few of us on a Saturday to her home in Reston—very cool and contemporary. Her husband was a "podiatrist", my first encounter with that word. We were just never told, in general, where our teachers lived so I never knew if any of them they lived near us or not. But I must say that I had several really great teachers and four,

actually, for more than one year each (not because I failed their classes!) For multiple years, I had as teachers:

- Miss Patricia Opp (Algebra II and Trig/Analytic Geometry junior and senior years). She was patient with me and I remember her saying, “Neil, you’re going to do something with math—you might become an engineer.”
- Mr. Paul Douglas for both junior and senior years, a two-year first-time experimental alternative to the traditional History/Government of the third and fourth years of high school. The experiment was called *U.S. Studies* and it was great to have this same wonderful educator for two years.
- Miss Barbara Aspinall for Junior English and then as a senior, another experimental elective called *Creative Writing*. She was also a fabulous teacher.
- Mr. Paul O. Schwartz, for sophomore through senior years in Mechanical Drawing, Engineering Drawing and then *Aircraft Drawing*. Mr. Schwartz and shop teacher Frank Beto saw me working on the new AHS Shop addition over Christmas break (1970), and came out to ask me if I had flunked out of college already? I told them no, not yet, but I was working construction over Christmas break! I remember they laughed and patted me on the back. It was the last I saw either of those fine teachers. Recently classmate Patrick Castellucci—with whom I am enjoying a wonderful friendship now, related to me that he was also a student of Mr. Schwartz—said to me, “Neil you were his boy,” which I cannot imagine to have been true. It made me feel good though. I miss the man even now. (I would also take yet another year of mechanical drawing in my freshman year at Virginia Tech.)

For music in northern Virginia there were the local AM pop music stations. FM stations were cooler and especially WMOD—where I learned the weirdness of *The Firesign Theater* and *SSX,* the “subterranean sound experiment.” There was also WHFS—and the beloved DJ Frank Richards. These stations featured “underground” music shows with “progressive rock.” For records there was Giant Music, Orpheus Records in Georgetown,

the local Drug Fair for 45 rpm records and E.J. Korvette near Bailey's Crossroads where I bought the new Beatles' double "White Album" (simply titled "The Beatles") on the first Saturday it was available—in November 1968, I remember. I think it was ten dollars, which my mother thought was an exorbitant amount! My friend Jeff borrowed it that very afternoon and taped it! We sometimes traded albums and sometimes recorded each other's albums on reel-to-reel tape recorders. (Cassette recording was still two years in the future). My parents gave me a small *Craig* reel-to-reel recorder for Christmas in 1968. I recorded a few selections off various albums and carried the recorder around with me in the neighborhood. I remember recording *Truth* by the Jeff Beck Group and Creedence Clearwater Revival's first album. I also bought, for ten dollars from Paul Sloan, up the street, what seemed to me to be an ancient 1950's Webcor tube-driven Model 210-1B Reel To Reel Tape Recorder:

Sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn't. But I loved making recordings of many songs on reels, transferring them to smaller reels for the portable recorder I carried around the neighborhood long before "boom boxes" became popular. I later sold it in college for the same price: $10.

Somehow thinking about the music of my youth, reminds me of **The Burling Tract** story—probably because I loved Neil Young, the Buffalo Springfield, the Steve Miller Band and Judy Collins at that time. Not that they connect specifically to The Burling Tract; but I remember listening to those artists in the days when I was driving out to the Tract. Music is funny that way. Mr. Douglas, for some reason, invited a few of us in the spring of our junior year in U.S. Studies, to get involved with the preservation effort for the

400 acre piece of land bordered by the Beltway, Old Georgetown Pike, Scott's Run brook and the Potomac River itself. In an almost forgotten story now, many citizens aided by many high school new environmentalists, rose up to seek preservation of the beautiful piece of land from development in 1969 and '70. We succeeded and today most of the tract is intact, and is now a 330 acre park called the Scott's Run Nature Preserve. As a very young man, it was my two-year, personal foray into the new cause of environmentalism.

It is a long and complicated story, beyond the scope of this writing, but it was foundational for me. I became involved with something that made a difference, a community team project connecting senior citizens, couples, sympathetic government officials and high school students, and I threw myself into it. (Strangely, I don't remember any college students being involved).

The Burling Tract

My parents were passively supportive, allowed me to borrow the one family car to drive there. I took friends there: Barbara Rose, Rick LeCompte, Bob Daugherty and I think Linda Rasmussen, and showed them the woods, the hills, the cliffs, the site of Mr. Burling's cabin and the scratch-built, spring-fed swimming pool and the gorgeous Scott's Run waterfall—right within sight almost,

of the District of Columbia. I spent hours and hours there, sometimes alone. Subsequently, a 200-page paper was written (by a Sharon Francis)[4], telling the whole history and story. My Dad went to the Fairfax Library in about 1977 and photocopied it for me, sent it to me and complained (in a good-humored way) to "please don't assign me a project in the future where I can't at least have a smoke break."). I still have the paper.

Edward B. Burling (1870-1966) co-founded the prominent law firm of Covington & Burling in 1919 in D.C. He died at 96, three years before my involvement with his pastoral tract. He used to go out there by himself to relax. Today, the chimney of his cabin is still there. I remember the first community meeting I attended, in a small, old house on Old Georgetown Pike at the southwest corner of the tract, owned by an older lady named Mrs. Elizabeth Miles "Betty" Cooke (1908-1999), adjacent to the Swink's Mill. The acreage, then known as the Burling Tract, became the Scott's Run Nature Preserve after money was raised to buyout the developer in 1970. The Secretary of the U.S. Department of the Interior, Walter J. Hickel, pledged 50% of the purchase price from his contingency fund. The rest was raised by the Commonwealth of Virginia, the Fairfax Park Authority, and individuals.

[4] https://ead.lib.virginia.edu/vivaxtf/view?docId=fcpl/vif00010.xml

This is Swink's Mill today, and the SW corner of the Tract is across the road…

I remember Mrs. Cooke was very gracious to me, loved the attraction that the "cause" brought to area high school students and welcomed me into her home a number of times. She applauded when I, and a few other high school students, spoke (3 minutes each) at the Fairfax County Park Authority public meeting on the issue. So did Mr. Douglas. One of the most educational experiences of my whole youth. After beginning college at Virginia Tech (summer 1971) , one more time, I attended a gathering on the Burling Tract at which the speaker was just-retired Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, whose hand I shook. I was introduced by Mrs. Cooke. I was touching on a far deeper history, as follows:

> Scott's Run was a stream for a potential mill site. Pearson Alexander Scott of Westmoreland County had been given, in 1716, nine hundred and fifty acres of land that was between what we now call the "Lewinsville Road and Tyson Corner". Just before the present bridge over Scott Run on road 193 was the location of Ball's Mill. The millrace was on the right hand side. This land was part of the Turberville land grant. In 1799 John Turberville left one-third of the proceeds from the mills on Scotts Run to his wife. The mill ground corn up to the time of the Civil War. At this time, the Ball's abandoned the mill. The Ball's heir divided the property. In 1877 William Waring Ball sold the land at the corner of Georgetown Pike (route 193) to James Welsh. James built a mill. Wheat, rye and corn were ground at the mill. The mill was a two and a half story frame structure with a gable roof. A shed was added to one end. The water wheel was in the rear of the building on the up-stream side of the mill. In 1891 the millrace was extended. An aqueduct was built to carry the water across the road to the water wheel. The aqueduct leaked a bit and this greatly annoyed the neighbors who had to use the road. At this time, the mill was known as the Welsh Mill. The miller's house, which was a wooden saltbox structure, was across the road from the mill. The house was built around 1878. An addition was added to the house and this served as a country store. The McGarity family became owners of the mill. Thus, the mill was known as the Albert McGarity Mill. In 1892, Edward Franklin Swink, from Schwinksville, Pa., became the owner and operator of the mill.

> The Swink family had built, in 1880, “Spring Hill”, a beautiful old house. The story goes that Colonel John Mosby was hidden in the attic of Spring Hill. Mosby certainly was in this area during the Civil War and was harassing the “Yankees”.[5]

Going back to Annandale, for some reason I still often think of the “kids” of my neighborhood. I liked many but not all. One kid was snooty, a serious intellect and annoyed me. He is now himself a prominent D.C. lawyer and has never attended any of our class reunions (I’ve happily attended all of them). In addition, once a friend of mine in high school and after, another fellow has refused communication from me and from others of our class. He is a clinical psychologist and I cannot imagine why he would so completely severe any ties with us. It is a mystery to me.
Probably in reality they are both perfectly lovely gentlemen!

Three fellows with whom I have enjoyed the occasional reunion of friendship have been Steve Houseworth, George Oliver and Kerry Parker. While we were still in the 8th grade both George and Kerry worked with me in the Poe gym after school on getting physically fit in anticipation of the coming freshman football season! All three of these AHS ’70 men attended and graduated from the USMA at West Point, and made careers in the U.S. Army. Of the three, I have enjoyed the closest contact with Steve. He even lived in New Bedford for a while where Renée and I lived.

An almost lifelong neighbor friend in Annandale was Rick LeCompte. He lived “across” Columbia Pike and was with me in some elementary classrooms, all through Poe Intermediate and all through AHS. He is still a Facebook friend. Rick was making little movies even when young and especially in high school, plus providing vocals for a couple of our high school rock and roll bands. He has made his career as a successful film editor on feature films. The last time I saw him was at Bailey’s Crossroads in 1973 with our mutual friend, Basil who at that time was “Tom.” Basil grew up and lived on Hummer Road and was one of my closer friends. He was driving before I was and he would pick me up and we would drive to Landmark Mall—only because of the

[5] https://spoommidatlantic.org/uploads/editor/files/Mid-Atlantic_Mills/Fairfax_County%2526_DC_Mills-Book-5-8-2009.pdf

cool bookstore there. Basil and Rick were situated among the more hippy-configured and the outlier intellectual stratum of our high school class (I fancied myself marginally part of this group too, in contrast to the more scholastically entitled and school-approved *valedictorian* types). Rick was an assistant manager too, at Roth's Americana Theater and so I "worked for him" although it never felt like a boss-employee relationship. I remember Rick also, for being one of our classmates who actually drove to New York and attended Woodstock in August 1969. I remember that he drove a green Chevy Nova.

Other neighborhood friends included Linda, five doors up from me and we shared 5th and 6th grade classrooms and she was always kind to me through high school. Linda was my first "date". We attended the Annandale School Fair in the sixth grade. Her Dad was our chauffer. As a senior in high school, I so loathed the afore-mentioned *valedictorian* intelligentsia of our school that during creative writing class I would often drag my desk out into the hall as a less-than veiled protest—and our good-humored Miss Aspinall accommodated this practice although I learned I looked like a complete dork doing so. Linda would come out some days and sit with me—she was just that nice! In recent years I learned that she also had lived for many years in Massachusetts, and I had coffee with her in Providence, Rhode Island, which she courteously prefaced with a call to Renée. She has two lovely daughters as do Renée and I. Postnote: As a college freshman, I was home for a weekend and attended a Friday night AHS football game. I sat with Miss Finch and Mr. Henretti, both beloved AHS teachers and maybe, sort of "dating" at that time. Miss Finch remembered my self-exiling stunt from Miss Aspinall's class. I distinctly remember that she laughed and said, "You were such a goddam individual, Neil" and laughed again. I guess it was the *schtick* I wanted to project then.

Also, there was Beth who lived a couple of streets over. She was a cheerleader and although she and I also shared fifth and sixth grades together and then all the way through high school, our paths did not cross much until recent years via Facebook. Beth is also one of a number of Facebook friends from much earlier years

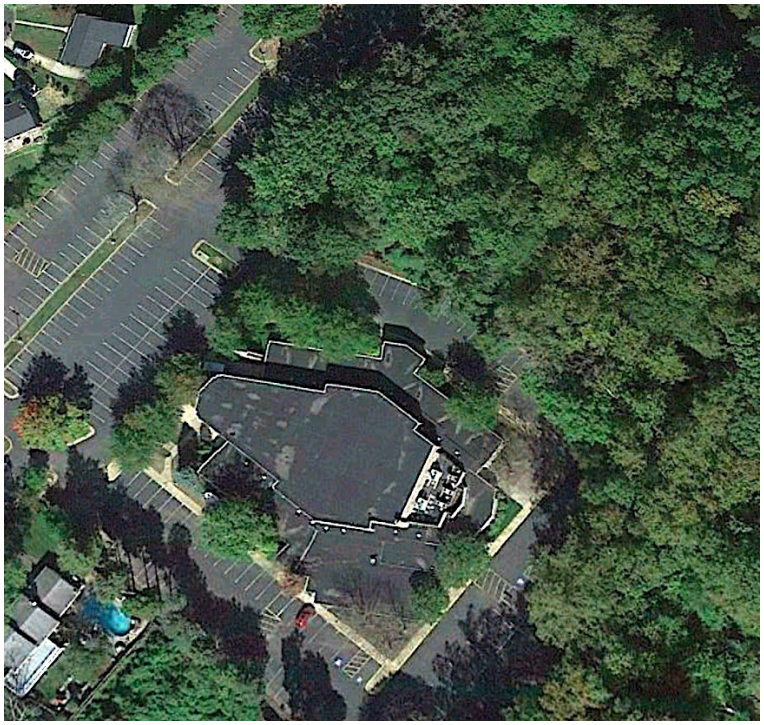
of acquaintance, whom I have discovered is a person of faith. A fun memory of Beth and her friend Patsy Bray (from Rose Lane), from spring 1964 and we were all in the sixth grade. She and Patsy had attended what I thought (for fifty years) was the D.C. Beatles concert. They wore a white glove on one hand for a week or so after the concert. Only fairly recently did Beth correct my long-held myth. It wasn't the Beatles. It was the Dave Clark Five!

On Beth's street also lived Glenn Tomkinson. Other than Jeff, Glenn was my closest friend. We did so much together—listening to records and playing guitars and playing baseball with Jeff, playing APBA football, Avalon Hill board games (which took days), walking all over town and continually exegeting the mysteries of the opposite sex! Glenn is now remembered by few. He died in Fredericksburg, Virginia in 2007 at 54 years old. He wrote his life's story in a 40-page paper which he had sent to me before he passed away. It is fascinating and interestingly, with perfect spelling and punctuation—a fruit of public education in those days! It is an amazingly sad story. He followed me by one year to Virginia Tech and there began to smoke "grass," subsequently forfeiting his academic eligibility. His girlfriend was Diane Hauser, a 1970 classmate of ours but she died, sadly in those times. Glenn loved "weed" so much that it became mostly all he did for pleasure; plus playing chess, at which he became quite accomplished. He was married briefly, had a son named Barney, but then moved from disappointing lifestyle and location to location, all over the country. His parents stood by him and supported him when needed, but Glenn finally died pretty much in squalor. I am permanently sad for his plight. Even when we were both still young, I attempted to talk to Glenn about Christ—not in a preachy way but simply as a good focus in life. He rejected it, I remember, because he sensed (I never told him this) that he would have to give up weed. Glenn had a sister too, Cindy, who was in my high school class, but I never knew her.

There were also the Oliver brothers, twins, Reggie and Rodney. Reggie is a Facebook friend today. Their cousin, Cathy, was a star of sorts. She danced and appeared on television once on the *Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour*! She has attended our AHS class

reunions, but I have not spoken to her. I have not heard what became of Rodney. In relation to Annandale, apparently “Farmer’s Hill” was in the Oliver family. Many of us loved sledding down that hill in the winter. You had to turn a sharp right at the bottom or you would go right into the creek! At night the hill, covered with snow and ice—perfect night-sledding conditions—would have a few rocks jutting out. If your sled’s runners struck those rocks while flying down the hill, sparks would fly. Sledders could be seen streets away but the spark-flashes! I also got beat up once at the bottom, when I became incensed at a bully who was knocking girls off their sleds. He beat me to a pulp, the last time I ever got beat up. One other Farmer’s Hill memory: after one night sledding session, I was walking home in the dark. I was accosted by a group of bullies and demanded whatever valuables I had on me, which was none. Just then Mike and Macon Harper, older and twin classmates I knew from football as well as the wrestling team walked up behind me. They were wearing their AHS letter jackets and at that time, AHS was pretty much Camelot in our neighborhood. They warned the bullies to scram lest they regret it. Mike looked at me and said, “get outta here, kid.” I was grateful to know a few older good guys, watching out for the likes of me! Not many years hence one of the Harper brothers died—I don’t know which one--I heard, drowned in the Great Salt Lake in Utah—made me sad.

Today the creek is gone, the barn is gone and the hill is gone. The Latter Day Saints bought the property and developed it.



From my earliest recollection, before the coming of the supermalls (Tyson's Corner, Landmark, Springfield Mall, Fair Oaks) there was the very cool Seven Corner's Shopping Center which opened in 1956 at the intersection of U.S. Route 50 and Virginia Route 7 in Falls Church. It had been the site during the Civil War of the Union fort, Fort Buffalo. The Center was "anchored" (as is said now) by department stores Julius Garfinckel & Co. (bankruptcy in 1990) on one end and by Woodward & Lothrup (closed in 1995), on the other end. Both of these were favorites of my mother from her war-time years in the early 1940s when she lived in D.C. I remember the distinct department store smells of each, and I remember thinking it curious that the shopping bags Mom would occasionally bring home from Seven Corners smelled like the stores themselves. Every year she would purchase a special Christmas candle at one or the other of these stores.

There was also an S&W Cafeteria in Seven Corners (also magical to my Mom's memories from D.C.) and a Brentano's Book Store there. Which I loved. And a Hahn's shoe store, which I hated. Seven Corners was razed sometime in the mid 1990s, haven fallen on hard times. It was where I first learned about escalators and walking from store to store in a planned way. The stores mostly had outside entrances, linked by a protective and tastefully designed roofing structure. Tyson's and Landmark (1965 – 2017, where Renée and I purchased our first couch and chair at Sears when we were married, and where I loved the Walden Bookstore) would follow, and others later. But none had quite the 1950s *newness* that Seven Corners seemed to radiate! The northern Virginia S&W story is of interest to me, because I was regularly taken there and because it harkened back to a simpler time. **S&W Cafeteria** was a Charlotte, North Carolina-based chain of cafeteria-style restaurants. The chain specialized in low-cost, Southern-style food. Branches were located in the Southeastern United States from Washington, D.C. to Atlanta, Georgia. The *Wikipedia* article gives:

> The first Washington, D.C area location opened downtown in 1934; a 27,000-square-foot (2,500 m^2) restaurant in the Washington Building, 1425 G Street, NW at New York Avenue. It was a regular stop for southern congressman, including Sen. Richard Russell (D-GA) and Sen. Clyde Hoey (D-NC). During World War II, the cafeteria served up to 9,000 daily. Because of a severe drop in night trade, it closed in May 1964. Suburban locations operated at Seven Corners Shopping Center, opening in 1956; Landmark Shopping Center, opening in 1964; and a 215,000-square-foot (20,000 m^2) restaurant at Washington Science Center in Rockville, Maryland, opening in 1966. A racial ban at the Seven Corners location was lifted in August 1961, after an African official (the mayor of Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika) was refused service and the State Department intervened with a call to S&W owner Frank Sherrill. This location closed in 1976, when the center upgraded. Its closing spurred protests from longtime patrons, largely elderly, 1,000 of whom relied daily on the cafeteria for low-cost meals. The location reopened in 1980, at 155 Hillwood Ave., in nearby Falls Church; a new $650,000, 13,000-square-foot (1,200 m^2) restaurant seating 400. The Falls Church location operated into the 1990s. The Landmark location

featured 30-foot (9.1 m) long, 22-foot (6.7 m) high murals and crystal chandeliers, closed in 1986. The downtown Asheville location opened at 60 Patton Avenue in 1929, and closed in 1974. It is in the Art Deco style and was designed by architect Douglas Ellington. In 2007, Steve Moberg purchased and renovated the building and the restaurant S&W Steak and Wine and coffee shop Corner House. The restaurant closed in 2011. It was added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1977.

Accidentally discovering the closed Asheville store in 2014 was a wonderful surprise, as both Renée and I appreciate the *Art Deco* architectural style...

For official amusements there was the one-time appearance to which my parents took me, of the Clyde Beatty & Cole Brothers Circus. There was also an annual appearance right in Annandale of what we just knew as “the carnival” which had rides such as the *Roundup*, the *Scrambler,* the *Loop-A-Plane*, the *Tilt-a-Whirl* and a Ferris wheel and merry-go-round. There were also game booths and many fun eateries—freshly spun-up cotton candy being a universal favorite. I remember the neon lights of the rides at night! There was also Little League baseball, the pony ride at

Bailey's Crossroads[6] and the area swimming pools. There were three of these, that I was aware of: Annandale Recreation Center, Sleepy Hollow Recreation and the one which my parents joined, the *Sleepy Hollow Bath & Racquet Club* which is still there and like Seven Corners, opened first in 1956. It had two pools, tennis courts and a 9-hole par 3 golf course and my parents first joined in about 1962. I learned to swim there, swam on the summer swim team and took private breast-stroke lessons (I can't remember why) from a Mr. Winkler. I had another connection to that same Holmes Run brook community- I attended the Mary Dale School, quite close to the "Club" for the first grade (1958-'59). It was run by a Mrs. Bolding and since I was too young to enter Annandale Elementary yet, my parents wanted me to begin school—thus Mary Dale which was in Mrs. Bolding's home up the hill from the Club at the end, either on George's Lane or Highview.

Holmes Run flowed into Lake Barcroft (constructed 1913-1915), whose dam was on Columbia Pike and through which Holmes Run continued meandering and empties into the Potomac in Alexandria. Its headwaters are now under the Beltway near Tyson's Corner. An old stream with Civil War mention, I had read that there were the remains of the Barcroft Mill during my childhood. I asked my father to take me exploring there, which he did and in fact we found foundation stones and the remnant of a millrace in those days. This short history is interesting:

> Barcroft Community was named in memory of a doctor who built his home here and also operated a mill. The man was Dr. John W. Barcroft, originally from New Jersey. In 1849 Dr. Barcroft came to our area and built both a home and a mill on Columbia Pike at Holmes Run near the present dam. He practiced medicine throughout the surrounding community and ran his mill up to the time of the Civil War. During its retreat from the Battle of Bull Run, the Union Army overran Dr. Barcroft's home. His property was so damaged that he went back North until the end of the

[6] Bailey's Crossroads is named for the Baileys, a circus owning family whose menagerie and shows were merged with those of P.T. Barnum about 1870. The Barnum and Bailey Circus was then billed as, "The Greatest Show on Earth." For many years Bailey's Crossroads was its winter quarters.

> war. He then returned to Fairfax County and built a new home on what became known as Barcroft Hill. Before the time of Dr. Barcroft, our neighborhood was not without some notable history. The original residents were the Doe and Necostin Indians of the Algonquin tribes. (Anacostia derives its name from the Necostins.) Artifacts of these early natives are still occasionally found. Howard Uphoff has uncovered arrowheads on his land at 6308 Lakeview Drive. Munson Hill Farm was a large tract between what is now Bailey's Crossroads and Seven Corners. It was settled and developed during the early 1700's. Timothy Munson bought the land in 1851 and gave his name to the farm. In the time to come his name was also applied to a community and a street just north of our lake area. Columbia Pike was constructed as a toll road in 1808, and was then called the Washington Gravelled Road.[7]

Such heritage throughout Fairfax County and Annandale enchanted me from my earliest years. My father fed my interest, as said, with select tales of northern Virginia. At his return from the War in the late fall of 1945, he began to work as a civilian engineer for the Engineer Center at Fort Belvoir. They were married at Luther Memorial Church in D.C. June 29th 1946 and then lived in Alexandria until they purchased 933 Ridge Road in the new Columbia Pines in 1950. He and my mother lived there from their marriage in 1946 in northern Virginia until they relocated to Florida in 1990. They actually loved northern Virginia, neither deriving from there at all. But as Annandale became so busy and demographically diverse after the fall of Vietnam in 1975, they decided to pursue a new dream of my father's. He had lived in St. Petersburg, Florida as a boy for eighteen months in 1926 and '27. He had always dreamed of returning there, which they did—my mother accommodating his dream—and he lived four years there. After his death in 1994, she continued on there and then died herself in 1997, largely alone. I have told their story in the book *Defiance at Cairo* which I published in 2020.

My parents' religion was centered on Dad's understanding of Lutheranism, into which my mother found refuge after a very strict Church of Christ upbringing in middle Tennessee, and into

[7] https://www.lakebarcroft.org/about

what I was enfolded and raised too. When their church, Hope Lutheran Church began in Annandale it first met in the mid ‘50s in the Grange Hall on Annandale Road. I remember asking my Dad what “Grange” met but I don’t remember his answer. I remember the building well. A drive down Annandale Road now on Google Maps “street view” reveals no remnant. Our first pastor was Rev. John Schramm.

In about 1960 the church built a new modern church (still with Pastor Schramm) on Ravensworth Road, very near the new Annandale High School. It was directly across the road from St. Michael’s Catholic Church, also a new modernistic sanctuary. Hope Lutheran was home for me and a good number of classmates as we traversed intermediate school (junior high) and then into high school. In 1966 to ’67, Wednesdays were exhaustingly busy—after wrestling practice after school, (freshman year), a few of us walked over to Hope Lutheran for a parent-cooked spaghetti dinner and then the final year of catechism classes. Then the mile walk to Boy Scout Troop #674 night at Annandale Elementary and then another half mile walk home, hauling my smelly wrestling attire in my AHS gym bag—and there was still often homework to complete. I was beat! AHS classmates part of this Wednesday night routine included Scott and Dan Stolldorf (a year younger), Libby Stringer, Jackie Collins and Steve Teichler. I do not know any of their life details or where they are. The pastor who drilled us in *Luther’s Catechism* and confirmed us in the spring of 1967 was Dr. Harold J. Uhl, whom I found retired in Roanoke Virginia in 2010 and he welcomed me for a nice lunch, remembering me well he said. After confirmation I don’t remember returning to Hope Lutheran much—football, wrestling, rock and roll and girls were far more of an inducement. Other friends of course moved through St. Michael’s, Annandale Methodist, St. Alban’s Episcopal but religion was just not a thing that many 1960’s northern Virginia students talked much about, as I remember. AHS had a *Young Life* Club, but again, that was for the straighter kids as I perceived it. Plus, I was never invited to attend.

My sense of “my neighborhood” was boundaried by the Potomac River to the north, Fairfax to the west, Great Falls to the northwest and Springfield to the south. After I would make my place in Falls Church for a couple of years, then to Roanoke City for another couple of years, north Dallas, Texas for four years, Southcoast, Massachusetts for 36 years and now back in Roanoke City. My wife Renée fondly remembers the locales of her youth and adulthood (her father was a U.S. Navy pilot and Reserve Training Center C.O.): Renée was born at Bethesda Naval Hospital and lived in Miami, Patuxent River in Maryland, Argentia in Newfoundland, Warminster/PA, Sioux City/IA, Cave Spring-Roanoke, Virginia Tech, Falls Church, Dallas and Massachusetts.

I have visited 11 foreign countries and sampled their living for short periods, the longest—seven weeks across the *Camino de Santiago* in northern Spain. Each has its distinct charm and its local “homies.” But my fondness for my own home “neighborhood” continues. Interestingly, my *actual* neighborhood of Columbia Pines is largely unchanged despite the great changes in the town of Annandale. All of the original nine “models” remain there. One of the original “custom” homes on Ridge Road is long gone—that of U.S. Navy Captain Si Whited (a single son, Craig, older than me.) That single lot (which I mowed several times) is now <u>two</u> lots with a $1.1 million, 4,500 ft^2 home and another $1.3 million 3,800 ft^2 home. I wonder what the old Navy pilot would think? Interestingly my own home at 4003 Ridge Road is now marked on Google Maps as paired with a business, “the Society for Chemical Hazard.” When young, I would have indeed characterized it as such, with copious containers of Virginia Gentlemen about!

In Columbia Pines today, the same 1940s streets remain. The trees are taller but the neighborhood sounds and smells are unchanged. The three water towers are long gone. The residents are very demographically diverse now and to my awareness at least, few if any military families live there—real estate which is far too expensive now. When I walk occasionally through the neighborhood now, it echoes my youth. Each section of street brings back fond memories of earlier residents and friends, lawns

I mowed, driveways I shoveled, my buddies' homes, girlfriend's homes, front yards in which I played, terrors and joys both. And Groove Park at the end of Murray Lane, the Russo's front yard, the Sexton's brick wall, and other places I sat and wondered about my future. It makes me glad that at least Columbia Pines remains.

List of Places, Families, People and Events

4003 Ridge Road Annandale
4008 Ridge Road Annandale
5001 Regina Drive Annandale
A&P Supermarket
Accotink Creek
Annandale 1862 map
Annandale Bowling Alley
Annandale Elementary School
Annandale Fire Chief Gaines
Annandale High School
Annandale Methodist Church
Annandale Recreation Center
Annandale Theater
Arlington Asphalt
Arlington House and National Cemetery
B-24 Liberator
Bailey's Crossroads
Balas
Barbara Aspinall

Barbara Finch
Barcroft Mill
Bernice London
Beth Farringer
Bill Russo
Bill Sexton
Bradney
Bray
Brent Eardley
Brentano's Book Store
Broyhill Crest
Burling Tract
C-5A Galaxy
Campbell
Capitol Beltway
Capone Music
Captain Audley H. McCain USN
Captain Edward Beach USN

Captain Si Whited
Carey
Carlyle House
Cathy Oliver
CDR Moore
Chase
Clark's Music
Clyde Beatty & Cole Brothers Circus
Coach Bob Hardage
Coach Ed Henry
Coach Mark Duffner
Col. Baker family
Col. Boleyn
Colonel Bert Kemp USAF
Colonel Daley, USAF
Colonel John S. Mosby
Colonel Murrell
Colonel Murrell
Colonel Stockus
Columbia Pike
Columbia Pines

Cope
COPICA
Covington & Burling
Crosby Stills Nash & Young
Cuban Missile Crisis
Dan Sexton
Dawson's Small Arms of the World
Deaver's Appliances
Dick Kruger
DJ Frank Richards
Donahue
Dottie Daley
Dr. Jack Sexton
Dr. John W> Barcroft
Drug Fair

Dulles International Airport
Ed & Marge Eardley family
Edward B. Burling
Esche
F-4 Phantom
Fairfax County Park Authority
Farmer's Hill
Fort Belvoir
Fort Buffalo
Fort Ward
Fortney
Foulstone
Frank Beto
Frank Russo
Gallows Road
General Joseph Johnston
General O.O. Howard
General P.G.T. Beauregard
General Stonewall Jackson
George Mason
George Mason University

George Sexton jr.
George Sexton sr.
George Washington
Giant Food
Giant Music
Glenn Tomkinson
"grass", "weed"
Gould family
Harding family
Harrison
Helfand
High Ridge
High's Dairy Store
Hobson
Holme's Run
Hope Lutheran Church
Impett
Iva Trice Dress Shop
Jackie Collins
Jeff Dickey
Jeff Kemp
Jeff Von Beulwitz
Jim Sexton
Joan Bennett
Jocelyn Damgaard
Jocelyn Moore
John & Eve Morrow
Judge Daryl Hollis
Julius Garfinkel & Co.
Katz
Kerlin's Korner
Ketchum
Kruger family
Landmark Mall
Larchmont developer
Libby Stringer
Lincolnia Road
Linda Eardley
Linda Rasmussen
Little River Turnpike

Major General Reginal Clizbe, USA
Manassas Gap Railroad and Park
Manor
Marilyn Moore
Marine One
Mark Duffner
Mark Hamill
Mark McCain
Mary Custis Lee
Mary Dale School
McDonnell Douglas Aircraft
Mike & Macon Harper
miníe ball
Moore family
Morrow family
Mount Vernon Masonry
Mr. Henretti
Mrs. Cook
Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church
Mt. Vernon
Munson Hill
Nancy Jo Russo
Oak Hill
Old Georgetown Pike
Oliver family
Orpheus Records
Ossian Hall
Pastor Harold J. Uhl
Pastor John Schramm
Patricia Opp
Patrick Castellucci
Paul & Kelly Harding
Paul Douglas
Paul O. Schwartz
Peggy Jarman
People's Drug
Poco
Poe Intermediate School
Powell
President John F. Kennedy

R. M. Vredenburg & Co.
Rasumussen
Ravensworth
Reg Oliver
Renée English Damgaard
Reston
Ricciardelli
Richert
Rick LeCompte
Ridge Road
Rob Frere
Rolf's Heights
Rosalyn Moore
Rose
Rose Hill
Rose Lane
Roth's Americana Theater
Russo family
S&W Cafeteria
Saah
Safeway Food Store
Scott & Dan Stolldorf
Scoutmaster Richard Eastman
secession
Seven Corners Shopping Center
Sexton family
Shirkey Drug
Shively
Skells
slavery
Sleepy Hollow Bath & Racquet Club
Sleepy Hollow Road
Sleepy Hollow Woods
Sloan
Slot car racing
Solar Eclipse March 1970
Sports & Hobbies
St. Alban's Episcopal Church
St. Michael's Catholic Church
Star Supply

Star Supply
Steve Murrell
Steve Teichler
Steward L. Udall
Subterranean Sound Experiment (SSX)
surfer cross
Ted Tedesco
Teddy & Suzy Sexton
The Ark
the Blue Angels
The Marquis de Lafayette
The Mommas and the Poppas
Three Chefs
Tom Basil Finnegan
Tony Stockus
Tops
Tyson's Corner
U. S. Army AA post W-63
Walt Robbins Inc.
WEAM
WHFS
WMOD
Wombold family
Woodward & Lothrup

Afterward

My wife Renée and I live in retirement now happily in Roanoke, Virginia. I served as Senior Pastor of Dartmouth Bible Church in North Dartmouth, Massachusetts from 1983 to 2019. Renée enjoyed a career as a public-school math teacher in New Bedford, Massachusetts. We have two daughters, Jocelyn in Denver and her two children, Raymond and Jane. Jocelyn is an engineer and a lawyer, for Boeing. Susanna is in Seattle and is a registered labor

& delivery nurse on the west coast, and a world-class, “triple crown” hiker.

Neil C. Damgaard, B.S., Th.M., D.Min. May 2022